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# "ZETTA KII"

OWEN S. LONGFORD

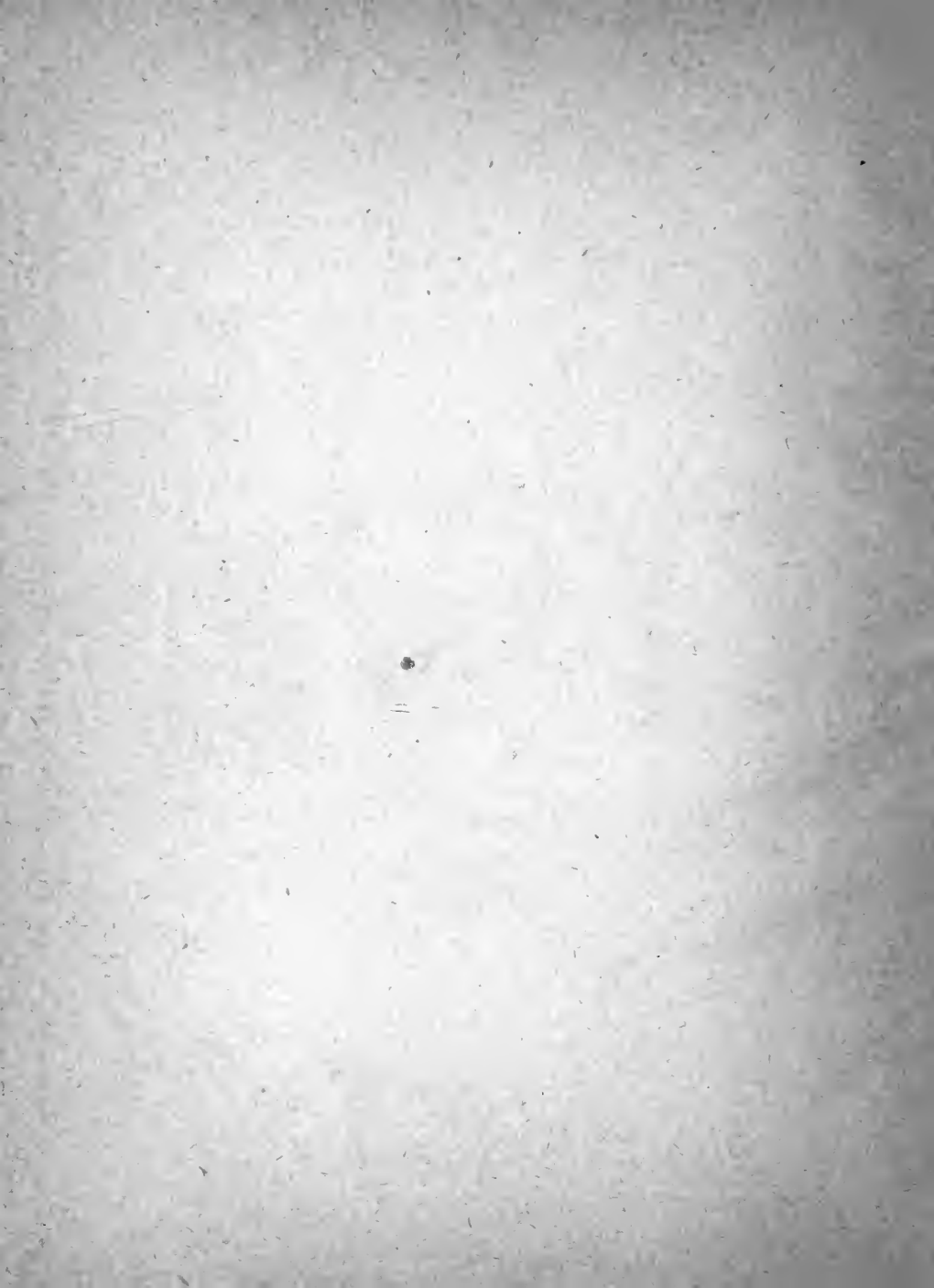
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# “ZIITA KII”

OR

## SONGS FROM SILENCE,

BY

✓  
OWEN E. LONGSDORF.



WILLIAMSPORT, PA. :  
SCHOLL BROTHERS, STEAM PRINTERS.  
1885.

PS 2299

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## PREFACE.

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Dear reader, if there is anywhere in all the wide universe a place more delightful than the dim Region of Dreams, I know it not. Its rosy mountains and hazy valleys ; Its white cities, its whispering groves and bubbling waters ; Its vapory personages and sacred associations—everything to delight the eye, please the ear and feast the imagination.

Do you ever revel among those purple valleys, where cooling zephyrs ceaselessly sing to the sweet flowers? If you do, then can you understand why it is I go there so often—why it is I would always abide there.

Here let me sing you a few songs that I gleaned from the mystic personages who dwell in the soft lights of that delectable region ;—but they are dreams and I wish not to be misunderstood.

I do not assume them to be essays in science, nor philosophy, nor are they gems of poetry. They are what they are—thoughts that came floating to me from the misty Realms of Dreams and were written down, prefaced with a short tale and published. Such is the whole history of this little book.

Brother dreamers, I bid you welcome to the first fruits of my solitary revels.

O. E. L.

*Williamsport, Pa., June, 1885.*

“He must remember that while he is a descendant of the past, he is parent of the future; and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the Unknown Cause; and when the Unknown Cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief.”—Herbert Spencer.

## THE TALE.

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In the summer of 1884, I had business call me for some months to our sister state Ohio. I was stopping in a small town along the great river, some few miles below Marietta, where I had rented two rooms, well furnished and alone, over a store in the business quarters. Here it was this strange experience befell me of which I am about to write.

I have no habits whereby I can account for this, as I never use liquors of any kind, nor tobacco; neither do I know the taste of opium, morphine or absinthe, and I never walk in my sleep. I am by no means a dreamer either, but am extremely practical; and, above all, as I have never had time nor the inclination to read much, I would be incapable of composing this.

Now, concerning these so-called "Mound Builders," I never before knew nor cared to know anything about them.

It was Tuesday, the fifth day of August, 1884. Having been out of town on business, I passed the night in returning home. I never could sleep on the train, so, when I reached my rooms I was very tired and not feeling very well. My matters were not satisfactory either, and I was somewhat out of humor.—These things I tell you so you may know in what frame of mind I was.

Well, thinking I should sleep better if I took my breakfast, I went out to the restaurant—carelessly leaving my door unlocked as usual. If I remember rightly, I ate nothing more than an egg, a little bread and drank a glass of milk,

as I never touch coffee nor tea. When I returned I found a small package on my table and this note:

DEAR HAROLD:—

Yesterday we opened one of the ancient mounds on my farm. Among other relics of the ancient Mound Builders we found this small statue or idol I here send you. Please to accept it as a memento of your visit to our state.

From your father's friend,

ERIC VON STEIN.

As I said before, I am very practical and the odd or antique never have had much charm for me. But, of course, I was pleased to know that Mr. Von Stein so kindly remembered the son of his old college chum, and I intended to call some time during the day to thank him.

I untied the package and found therein a small statue—the figure of a man seated upon a ball, a graceful and loose flowing robe over his shoulders; his head bent a little forward, apparently engaged in reading from the open book upon his knees. The whole was not over six inches high, and was cut from a hard pink and white tinted stone. It was beautiful in proportion and finish, and, I thought it would be a very acceptable gift to sister Cora, who, from a child had had a mania for ancient things.

I placed it upon my table. As I passed across the room, I looked in a tall mirror and there saw the reflection of the idol or statue, and it appeared as if covered with a thin gauze veil. I turned around—what do you think I saw? A beautiful halo of purple and golden light encircling its *now lifted head!*

Remember I am not in the least given to superstition, but I *did* see these things though I never can hope to account for them. However, I was not in the slightest degree frightened, but was filled with astonishment and a prying curiosity.

I drew my chair before the table and watched the image, thinking, perhaps my friend had prepared some good joke, and was somewhere near to enjoy it. I was soon undeceived. It raised its eyes and fastened them upon mine—in a moment those glittering orbs held me as if in a trance. I became dizzy, and a great cloud of purple and black played over the statue and hid it all but its sinister eyes. Then I became free, careless, unconscious to everything but the feeling that some awful power held me in a terrible bondage!

That was on Tuesday morning. When I awakened or regained consciousness it was Thursday evening. On my table lay a pile of manuscript in my own hand writing; a note folded and addressed to me, also in my own hand, and a pile of pink and white dust where had stood the statue.

I opened the note and read:

"I, Zhangkiita Ghaki,\* of royal lineage and high priest at the temple Colzha in the city of Iidelya, in the vale of Pothii in the land of Tchakapan, served the Lord of All from childhood. I it is whose will has kept the atoms of this image from disintegration; I it is whose will holds thee under my control and causes thee to write what I shall dictate, or shall read from Ziita Kii the book of songs I hold upon my knees. But know you, not from malice do I bind thy will to my influence, but from that great love I have for all my fellow men! You are of a race that in my day I never knew; but there was a prophesy among my people that some day—some time we should become no more upon the face of the earth; our country should become desolate, and they who come after us know naught of refinement, morality or enlightenment; our cities and temples and palaces crumble away and return to the dust; but from the mystic lands beyond the rolling Zenwabacco should come the seeds of a new race. It has been! Glory be ever

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\* In the names in this book, double "i" must be pronounced as long "e"—as Ziita Kii, pronounced Zeeta Kee.

to Thee, O Thou Soul in whose eye are the destinies of nations!

Here copy from the book "On Kopha,"—'tis a prophesy of one Inmiitha, a good man and a Seer, who lived six hundred years before my vision saw the light of day.

"And nations are as men,— are born, and rise,  
And live until their vital forces fail  
With age or over much indulgence; then  
They die and pass to dark oblivion;  
And other nations who may know them not  
Arise and live, then too pass from the earth.  
O you who dwell in fair Azcocapan,  
Beware lest you be wasting vital force  
And this which I have dreamed shall come to pass :  
I dreamed I saw this mighty land as from  
A mountain. From her heart came one whose face  
Was sad, and who went teaching truth and love.  
And I beheld the nations cast their gods  
Of massy gold and silver in the pot,  
And mould them into coins, to pay the priests  
Who served the God this sad faced prophet taught.  
But soon my dream was changed, and men were weak  
And fallen into vice and foolishness;  
So, of the nations in Azcocapan  
Were all but one gone down the silent past;  
And this,—Othteca, moved before a horde  
Of naked savages, and found retreat  
Upon the plains of Methiicoco in  
The distant lands beneath the southern sun.  
And I beheld your cities and your works  
Go crumbling into dust, and nought remained  
But here and there a mound to tell your tale,  
So ages chased each other from the scene  
Until, from out the east a new race came

And conquered back to culture once again  
This savage land, and made a country where  
The people grew to wondrous intellect.

And I, Inmiitha, had another dream  
Wherein I saw this new race pass through woes  
And wars and civil strife, but in the end  
Came holy peace and reason. Then the mind  
Was raised and truly throned above all else;  
And nature's secrets were made known to light  
And true religion entered in the world.  
And men had learned the laws that govern soul—  
So death had terrors for them never more;  
And mind communicated with the mind  
Of whom it would, and all the world was bound  
Into a common family and tongue."

That prophesy is almost all fulfilled. This which I shall now cause thee to write, is the Ziita Kii or book of Sacred Songs, wherein are found the teachings of our lord Ahmiina, who was born but eighty years after the awful earthquake convulsed the world, and sank Ata Thontii forever under the briny billows of the Zenwabacco.

And now, write and give unto the world this which I have given unto thee; and, in the realm of shades where thou shalt come after thy body dieth, there will I meet thee and show thee many beautiful things to delight the eye, and tell thee many things to please the ear."

I was bewildered—what could it all mean? Hastily putting on my hat, I gathered up the manuscript and note and hurried down the town to Mr. Van Steins. He was at home. I told him all that I knew of the facts and showed him the papers. I need not say that shortly he too was very much excited. After some consideration he bade me

give the MSS. to the publishers—he being very rich would pay all my expenses, I have done so.

My friend, although I cannot fathom the mystery, I have told you the plain truth in regard to the source of this book—here it is, open it and read.



THE  
HISTORY OF AHMIINA.

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*The history of him—the Holy Man  
Ahmiina, written by himself before  
He passed into the realm of shades.  
Who triumphed over sin and selfishness  
And sacrificed himself and his desires ;  
Who purified his soul in solitude  
And contemplation, so he might indeed  
Become a teacher to his fellow men.  
The manuscript from which this copy came  
Is to be seen among the sacred things  
Within the holy temple Kwatzico  
Which overlooks the lake Okiini near  
The sacred city of Oahlii. Here  
Our lord was born, and here his ashes rest  
Within a box of gold incrustated with  
A wealth of jewels priceless and most rare.*

Where glints the waters of the lake  
Okiini, in the Holy Vale  
Of Tchintiipec—there was I born.  
Oahlii, holiest of all  
The cities in Azcapan,  
Where stands the grandest temple man  
Has ever built. It's granite walls,  
Its twenty gilded towers point  
Their golden fingers to the sky ;  
Its inner walls of massy gold

And silver, porphyry and glass,  
Made like a cavern hanging full  
Of stalactites. And all about  
That holy place a silence, awe  
And mystic presence sat. And, too,  
In that most holy temple, dwelt  
Among the solemn lights, the soul  
And golden figure of the god  
Hozolla; and, at each new moon  
His spirit left the idol and  
Was seen to mingle in the halls  
Among the worshipers. Yes, oft  
While serving at his altar, I  
Have seen his shadow pass from out  
The precious statue and ascend,  
And smiling hang above the lake  
Until the crescent hid behind  
The Cocal Allii mountain peaks;  
And then, returning silently  
To his abode within the breast  
Of his rich statue, from its eyes  
Of opal looked he forth until  
Another crescent moon was born.

O what a sacred place was that  
To me who loved the awful and  
Sublime; on whom the earthquake shock  
Or cyclone never wrought a fear,  
But ever came as something from  
The Soul behind the visible!

In fair Oahlii's granite walls  
Was I, Ophii Ahmiina born.  
My father,—Ophii Tarnah, one,  
A wealthy merchant who was known  
O'er all this land Azcocapan,

Whose mighty caravans had gone  
Beyond the Alla Gawii range  
Of mountains, to the distant lands  
Along the Zenwabacco sea  
From which the morning sun is born ;  
And westward, o'er the prairies, o'er  
The Cocal Allii mountains, rich  
In precious metals and in views,  
To where the Ilmanocco beats  
Upon Azcoca's western shore.

The tales his agents used to tell  
Of these strange mountains, lands and seas,  
Were food for fancy, and my young  
Imagination soon unrolled  
And I became a dreaming man.  
This happy life was soon to pass—  
Ere I was seven years of age  
The demon of the yellow plague—  
Traa Cyah, came from out the south  
And smote the dwellers of our land.  
Alas ! ere winter brought her frost  
To help us beat the demon from  
The earth, I was an orphan ; and  
As was the way in those dark times,  
My lot was cast among the slaves  
Who knew no parents and no kin,  
And all my father's property  
Reverted to the royal store.  
So was I sold and bought, and sold  
As though I neither felt nor thought ;  
And yet, must I remember that  
My languages that serve me now  
So well, I would have never known.  
But, being with the common men  
I learned the common, vulgar tongues.

In many lands have I abode :—  
In Yia, Tolta, Chiia, Zyng,  
Popola, Othtepan, and Ghu ;  
Ohtteca, Iivoh, Woolh and Psaih ;  
Almoola, Ashti, Buhr and Zhii,  
And many cities, which to name  
Were useless and of little good.

O, you who read, if you indulge  
In day dreams and a happy world  
Of unreality you build  
Around you, and in that abide  
And hate to come in the cold world  
Where things are practical and stern,  
Then can you feel with me whose life  
Was burdened with a ceaseless toil,  
And knew and felt myself a slave.

At last, when thirteen years of age  
I found myself again at home—  
At home ? Ah, no ! but in the place,—  
Oahlii by Okiini's breast  
Where I was born, and where I spent  
My happy days of infancy  
The son of one, the wealthiest  
In all the realm, except the king.  
And now had I returned—a slave !  
Away from home for six short years  
And then return—a slave—a slave !  
O what a life was that to me  
By nature keen and sensitive ;  
And every time I sought for death  
Some cruel hand would stay my deed.

But, once I wandered to the lake  
When all the world was sleeping 'neath

A starry sky, and when I came,  
I would have found eternal peace  
Beneath Okiini's glassy waves ;  
But, ere I sank the second time,  
Tanto—an aged priest and wise  
I hope I never shall forget !—  
He, musing in the silence, saw  
Me spring and heard my splash, and from  
The lake he took me to his cell  
Within that solemn temple, and  
When morning came he paid my price  
And told me I was free. I loved  
That bearded face with all the love  
A poor, unhappy child could give !  
Then, weeping as I kissed his hand  
And thanked him for his good to me,—  
About to take my leave— he bent  
And caught me in his arms, and pressed  
Me to his heart with kisses, and  
He told me how he loved me. O,  
I need not tell the happy years  
I served Hozolla, so to be  
Continually in the sight  
And presence of that holy man ;  
Nor that he taught me all the lore  
And sacred stories of the times  
When men knew naught of sin  
And sadness. And the sciences  
Of plants and flowers, rocks and hills ;  
Of life and death ;—the sciences  
Of mind and matter, soul and flesh ;  
The motions of the stars and suns  
That all the endless ethers fill  
And are the atoms of the form  
Of one—the holy, Perfect All ;  
And other things of moment and

Of passtime he had told me. But,  
One morning, going to his cell  
I found him silent, cold and dead,  
But on his face the smile of peace  
That never left him e'en in death.

I need not tell you of the days  
And weary nights I passed before  
The golden image of the god ;  
And, though I would deceive myself,  
I found no consolation there.  
And then, Traa Cyah came again—  
The demon of the yellow plague,  
And with him, famine gaunt and bare.  
O, how they revelled in that realm!  
And Death and Hate, Despair and fear—  
Ran riot in that sacred realm !

We priests then closed the temple doors  
To keep the frantic populace  
From out the holy place, and then  
We clung around the golden god.  
And yet, Contagion spared us not,  
But, one by one, when stricken, crawled  
Away among the solemn shades,  
So dying they would not offend  
The sight of him whose soul abode  
Within the golden idol, and  
Who watched us from his opal eyes.

At last, from those four hundred priests  
I, even I—Ahmiina, I  
Alone remained alive to keep  
The sacred fire burning bright!  
And those three hundred ninety-nine  
In that great cavernous abode  
Of gods, lay dead polluting those

Most sacred, consecrated halls,  
I left the golden image when  
The night was falling, and the moon  
Just new looked in the lattice work  
Upon the roof, as though she called  
Hozolla from his golden form.  
I watched him ; but the crescent sank  
Behind the Cocal Allii peaks,  
And still his spirit tarried in  
The idol. Then suspicion came,  
And I began to think that all  
Was but the product of a trick,  
And so I left to search for food.  
Alas ! I found naught there to eat  
Or drink ; and O, my horrible thirst,  
And hunger gnawing like a wolf !  
I rose, and climbed a tower, where  
I sat and looked about upon  
The holy city—all was still,  
No sound nor token of a life.  
But O, the awful sight my eyes  
Beheld below me in the streets :  
The pavements, streets and doorsteps far  
As eye could see, lay full of dead  
And festering forms—but all was still :  
The morning sun looked down upon  
A city silent as a tomb !

Then I descended, faint and weak,  
Into the vaulted hall where sat  
The golden idol of the god ;  
And lifting up my voice, I called,  
In hope there might be one to hear  
And help me open the ponderous doors  
That shut me in this sacred jail,  
And in this fetid atmosphere.

I called in vain, no answer came—  
The echoes only ha-haed back  
And mocked. And then I realized  
I stood within a temple, in  
A city of unburied dead!

Ah, soon the night came creeping on,  
And with it came a beating storm  
Of wind and rain; and all the sky  
Illumined by the vivid glare  
Of lightning seemed a pit of fire.  
And O! the echoes of the voice  
Of thunder in the hollow hall  
Near deafened me.—I knelt before  
The great Hozolla and I prayed—  
O you who read, if you have known  
The deepest anguish man can feel,  
Then can you sympathize with me  
Who waited, knowing death was nigh,  
But yet—who longed so much to live!

O how I grovelled on the floor  
Before that lifeless god of gold;  
And how I prayed until the sweat  
Rolled from me in a stream, and blood  
Fell also from my brow upon  
The jewelled pavement at the throne!  
You ask me: "did Hozalla hear  
And give me comfort in my woe?"  
O brother, I must answer—no!  
I must tell you, how, doubtful of  
The power of Hozolla whom  
I once adored, I filled with hate  
And mad resentment, so I turned  
And smote the golden idol twice



Upon the breast, and blasphemed, till  
I thought I saw him frown from out  
His opal eyes;—and then, in fear  
And trembling lest he should resent  
The mad dishonor to him, there  
I fell upon my face and swooned.  
I knew no more until the night  
Was gone and rosey morn was born.  
Upon the mighty doors of brass  
And gold, I heard the sound of blows;  
And all about the temple surged  
A sea of men and women, drunk  
With indignation at the god  
Who called for prayer and offerings,  
And gold, but gave no good return,  
Nor ever saved them from the plague.

At last the massy doors fell in,  
And I, who hid among the folds  
Of crimson tapestry behind  
The god,—beheld the angry crowd  
Come, rushing in the presence, wild  
And full of blasphemy and hate.  
They pulled the holy statue down  
From out the ruby throne upon  
The jewelled floor, where they reviled  
And broke it in their furious hate;  
But when the night had come again  
I slipped away, and rested not  
Till I had left the city far,

No, this to you is nothing but  
A tale unpleasant; and we all  
Imagine that we have enough  
Of troubles of our own, and want  
No other's heaped upon our hearts!

But, if I tell you not the state  
In which I grew to manhood, then  
You can not understand the wants  
That drove me from the midst of men  
To look for solitude, and rest.

*So the holy man has written  
Of his life from birth to manhood.  
O ! the sorrows, pains and troubles  
He has met and conquered bravely.  
He who knows no dissappointments,  
Sorrows, losses, pains or troubles,  
Can not sympathize for others :  
He alone holds perfect manhood  
Who has risen from affliction.  
So, O brother, good Ahmiina—  
He who passed through sin and sorrow,  
He is able to advise you.  
Read now, how he was a skeptic  
In a lonely cavern dwelling ;  
But his spirit, still persisting  
He should know the Holy Being  
Who is All and Soul of all things,  
Never ceased to reason with him  
Till he found the Holy Heart.  
Read !—for here is what he wrote us  
For a light to lead us upward  
To the realms of truth and knowledge.*

Away where Nonno's waters wash  
Along the Cocal Alii's feet,  
Ere winding through the level plains  
To pour his tribute in the lap  
Of Minta Siiva—mighty queen  
Of all the rivers in the land ;  
Away there in the mountain wilds  
I dwelt,—a cavern for my home.  
And there I lived and pondered on  
The worth and source of life ; the end—  
If end there be, to all ; and in  
My heart a thousand questions sprang  
For answer. Twenty years had come  
And gone since I this lonely cave  
Had made my home, before my soul  
Had learned a lesson of pure truth :  
Alas!—too much depended I  
Upon the sacred books and tales  
O holy writing ; and my mind  
Was never free, and reason dared  
Not yet assert her right to rule.  
Ah, twenty years ! and long, long years  
So full of change—my beard, all white  
With sorrow and old age, hung low  
Upon my breast. O, all my days  
Were contemplation, and my nights  
Were longings after truth and love.

But once, when all the world was still  
Except my weary heart, I went  
And sat myself beneath a pine  
Whose needles, smiling to the moon,  
Kept whispering and whispering—  
O what ?—Ah, what, I could not hear.  
Then I arose, and climbing down  
The rocky bank, I stood beside

The rolling Nonno—everything  
But me that night seemed full of joy :  
The river rippled laughingly  
Along his rushy banks ; the reeds  
Were nodding to the laughing grass ;  
And over all the silver moon  
Down looking poured her flood of light.  
But I, from prayer and fasting, weak  
Fell fainting on my face among  
The grasses on the river bank.

When I revived I heard a sound  
As of a thousand whisperings—  
I listened—'twas a voice of praise  
From out a million tiny throats ;  
But yet I could not understand.  
I raised my head above the grass  
And lo, I heard no more the song  
Or chant of praise and happiness.  
So down I lay my head once more  
Among the reeds and grasses there,  
And lo, I heard the chant again !  
And then, unto my waiting soul  
A deeper understanding came ;  
So, listening it did comprehend  
And to my reason could translate  
The chant the reeds and grasses sang.  
So did I find that happiness  
The pine tree needles knew with all  
The sinless things of dust, what I  
These weary years had sought  
And sought, and yet had never found  
Until, I, falling in the dust,  
The knowledge of the dust had found—  
That knowledge I had sought in vain  
Among the sacred books of men.  
Then all my soul was glad—for all

My hopes returned. And down beside  
A pine whose needles sighed in song,  
I threw myself, and in the grass  
I buried all my face and mind.

O brother ! anguish keen and sharp  
Had been my lot from birth. But now  
No more I doubt the Holy One  
Whose word is found in all—in all !  
That voice of love spake through the grass  
And through the running river ;— all  
The wide creation sounds that voice !  
O here I write the truth I heard  
Through nature from the Holy Soul ;  
But more I heard I did not know  
The meaning of—for, who is pure  
And wise enough to comprehend  
The workings of the Mighty Heart ?

And now, before I cease to write,  
I ask, that, after I am gone  
To that invisible abode  
Where all my fathers shades abide,  
Will Tchina Kiida,—whom I love,  
The son of Tchina Arnin prince  
Of Chiia,—will he take the task  
Of publishing my manuscript,  
So all my followers may know  
The faith, and have my history ?  
For he, of all my friends, has held  
The deepest place within my heart ;  
And he was first to dare renounce  
The false idolatry, and come  
As my disciple and my friend.

And now, to thee dear Kiida, yet  
One word before I lay away

My pen :—My pilgrimage began  
With thorns and tears and many ills,  
Among a pagan race, and one  
Whose morals and enlightenment—  
Alas ! were lax and of poor quality.  
But look about thee at the change :  
Not thirty years have flown away  
Since I began to teach the faith,  
Yet now, o'er all Azcocapan,—  
From Ilmanocco on the west  
To Zenwabacco on the east ;  
And from the great lakes on the north  
To Methiicoco and the sea  
Toltoloc in the golden south,  
Is scarce a town or city but  
Has heard the faith. My Kiida, you  
Must now become the guide,—and lead,  
O lead my brethren forth to truth  
And justice, love and purity !  
And I shall watch thee from the realms  
Beyond this seeming solid world.—  
Farewell,—in peace and love, farewell !

*. So ends the history of one who met  
The troubles of a troubled world, and turned  
Them so they worked to his advantage.*

*Now my brother, let me tell  
How Ahmiina walked the earth ;  
How he suffered hunger, thirst,  
To alleviate the pains  
And the dusk of ignorance  
In his evil fellow men.  
O the good that he has done ;  
O the sorrow he has cured ;  
O the pain that he has stopped ;  
O the tears that he has dried ;  
As he wandered up and down  
Through this wide Azcocapan !  
Let the weary ashes rest,  
In his jeweled urn of gold !  
Let his name forever ring  
With the praise of multitudes !  
For he brought us peace and rest,  
Love and light and holiness !*

*Let me copy for your pleasure—  
For your pleasure and your learning,  
All the truth he heard from Spirit  
Singing through the tongues of nature.  
Hear the chant the grasses chanted  
When he fainted by the river—  
By the rolling river Nonno.  
Not his mortal ears that heard it  
But his spirit ears and reason !  
Hear the chant the grasses chanted  
When he fainted by the river—  
By the rolling river Nonno.*

“Listen, listen lonely mortal,  
Bending down your new attention—  
We the humble grasses 'round you,  
We have seen you all these long years

Bend before your cave in weeping.  
We have rustled when you passed us,—  
We have called for your attention—  
All in vain—in vain we called you,  
For your mind and soul and longings  
Ever supplicated Silence—  
But the Silence cannot speak !

Lonely brother, lonely brother,  
Hear us happy grasses singing  
Of the love that never dieth ;  
Of the hopes that stir within us ;  
Of the life that soon must leave us—  
But will fill a higher being  
With the life and soul and selfhood  
Of the Mighty Soul of All.

Listen ! you whose ear is bending  
Here among us chanting grass blades ;  
You, who longed and languished vainly  
For the Holy Heart and Real ;  
You, who looked to books and fables  
For the voice of the Almighty ;—  
Come ! O come, and we will tell you  
How to seek Him—how to find him.

When you want the rolling river  
Winding through the verdant valleys,  
Do you seek the painter's canvass—  
Do you seek the works of art ?  
When your heart is sad and broken  
And you lack the light of love,  
Do you seek the poet's volume  
Filled with songs of pain and pleasure ?  
When you wish to hold communion



With the Holy Heart of All,  
Should you seek the priestly story  
Or the tales of tardy tongues ?

O no ! brother—O no ! brother—  
He who fills the All forever ;  
He from whom all things are taken ;  
He in whom all things have being,—  
He is in you and around you—  
In all things and all things of Him !  
He should not be sought in fables  
Nor in prayer nor supplication.  
Would you seek Him—would you know Him ?  
Learn His tongue :—the voice of nature !  
Never uses He a language  
Like the sons of men are using,  
But He speaks forever—ever  
In His laws and works and silence.  
They whose hearts and eyes are open  
To th' influences of nature,  
If their souls and minds are holy  
And unselfish and unbiased,  
Can not help but see the working  
Of a pure and perfect plan.  
All must needs look cold and cruel  
To the eye that scans the surface ;  
But, to him who deep examines  
All works to a perfect plan.

O Ahmiina—O Ahmiina  
Hearken to the Holy Heart :  
He will speak if you will listen  
For He loves you—ah, He loves you !”

*So the happy grasses sang  
To Ahmiina's spirit ears;  
And his spirit,—filled with joy,  
Then interpreted the chant  
To his intellect and mind.  
So the happy grasses sang  
To Ahmiina's spirit ears;  
When he fainted by the river—  
By the rolling river Nonno.*

*O, the rapture then that caught  
Good Ahmiina's soul and self!  
An exquisite sea of peace,  
Crystal pure and bottomless  
Where his troubles washed away!  
When he fainted in the dust—  
Lo, the dust had found a tongue;  
And it told him in a chant  
How to find the Holy Heart!*

*Now I bring the Book of Gold—  
Ziita Kii the holy book,  
Wherein are the sacred songs—  
Songs from Silence, sung by Soul  
Through the tongues of Nature.  
Now I bring the Book of Gold—  
Ziita Kii the holy book,  
And before you open wide  
All its pages. Look and read  
What Ahmiina wrote for you—  
May it lead you to the truth  
And the holy Light of Lights!*

# THE ZIITA KII.

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## DEDICATION.

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The Ziita Kii or holy book, wherein  
Are writ the teachings of the Holy Man  
Ahmiina ; he, who triumphed over sin  
And self, and in the end attained such peace  
And purity that he might speak to God.  
The Ziita Kii or Songs of Silence, which  
Ahmiina heard within his soul and wrote  
To lead his fellow men to love and light  
And sweet communion with the Holy Soul  
Who is indeed the All and Soul of All.

O you who read, if in your heart abides  
A soul that longs for purity and peace,  
I pray you, give attention to the thoughts  
Here written,—seek to understand, and pause  
Ere you accept as truth what here is wrote—  
For, if it came not from the Holy Soul,  
A sinless soul must feel it to be false.  
But, if this teaching come from that One Soul  
Who filleth all and in whom all abides,  
A sinless soul must feel it to be truth,  
And know it emanates from that Pure One—  
The Perfect Soul and Essence of the All,

And now, O, Mighty Soul, I dedicate  
To Thee this book whereby I seek to lead  
My fellow men up to a purer love  
And deeper knowledge of Thy boundless Heart.  
O may they seek communion with Thy Soul,  
And through Thy works, and through Thy laws  
Behold Thy love and know Thee as Thou art.

## THE ZIITA KII.

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Would you seek for truth and knowledge,  
Would you seek for light and reason  
Pause and read, for here is wisdom.  
To yourself there is addition ;  
From yourself there is subtraction—  
But the sum—the sum of all things  
Never changes, never changes :  
Ah, the sum of all is—God !

Life is but a great Progression—  
'Tis addition, 'tis addition  
And a conquest over trouble.  
Death is but a Retrogression—  
'Tis subtraction, 'tis subtraction :  
A submission to the passions  
And the low desires and feelings.  
In yourself your fate is planted—  
None can sink and none can raise you  
If you be yourself your master.  
O my brother—O my brother,  
If you doubt me, pause and reason ;  
But the words you hold before you—  
They are wisdom—they are wisdom !  
Let me tell you—let me tell you—  
All is pure and all is holy ;  
There is nothing that is evil  
In itself or its intention—  
All is to you what you make it.

I, Ahmiina, musing wandered  
Through ravines and lonely canyons,  
Where the Nonno's waters winding  
Murmured hopeful of the sea ;  
And my heart was full within me—  
Filled with peace that knew no pain ;  
For the silent soul within me  
Knew the unseen Soul of All,

There I sat me on a boulder,  
Torn from out the rocky walls  
High above the limpid Nonno ;  
And I musing watched the water  
Rolling ever toward the sea ;  
But my soul was in communion  
With the Soul that filleth All.

O these mystic, unseen forces—  
O what are they—O what are they ?  
And the soul within me answered :  
"This is Mind that ruleth all things—  
Yea, the Mighty Mind of All !  
All has sprung from Soul and Spirit,  
Unto that it would return,  
But the Sleepless Soul of Silence  
Holds all bound to work His will !

Man is like the running river :  
Passions are the mighty forces  
That forever draw him downward  
Till he lose his conscious selfhood  
In the sea from which he sprang ;  
But his pure desires and feelings  
Are the sunbeams warm and golden—  
They would make him purer, better—  
They would raise him to the sky.

All is but a simple problem  
If you care to understand it ;  
'Tis addition and subtraction—  
You may add or take away.  
Sin and evil—these are nothing  
But subtractions from your being ;  
But a good thing—that is something  
Added to your soul and selfhood.  
If your passions be the stronger  
Then be sure your soul is dying—  
You are losing conscious being  
In the Being of the All.  
But, if pure and holy instincts  
Be the rulers of your spirit,  
Then be sure your soul is growing  
To a higher, purer station  
In the Being of the All !

Everything seeks for its level—  
'Tis a universal law.  
And I tell you—O, I tell you  
Surely everything shall find it !”

*O my brother, O my brother  
Now I write the Songs from Silence.  
These are what the Spirit whispered  
In the rustle of the grasses ;  
In the rolling of the river ;  
In the rising of the vapors  
From the glassy river's ripples.  
These are chants the sunbeams chanted  
And the dancing sunshine sang me.  
Over all the face of nature  
There is written, there is written  
Truth and light to lead us upward !*

*Now I write the Songs from Silence  
That the Holy Spirit whispered  
Through the motes that dance in sunshine ;  
Through the rustle of the grasses ;  
Through the rolling of the river ;  
Through the motions of the planets ;  
Through the songs of autumn insects ;  
Through the blooming of the flower—  
O, through all things I have heard them !  
Not my mortal ears that heard them—  
But the Voice sang to my spirit  
Who interpreted the chants  
To my intellect and reason !*

*Now I write, and Thou may'st judge me,  
Holy Soul in silence dwelling ;  
Guide my pen to write the truth !*



## SONGS FROM SILENCE.

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*"I am Soul, from whom all things proceed.  
And ye can know Me not but through My works,  
My laws,—and on them I have stamped My word!"*

*Cocal Allii's peaks were white  
In a waning crescent's light,  
And the autumn insects sang  
On the prairie Tiivasaang.  
I, Ahwiina, wandered down  
To the Nonno's waters brown  
Where I sat me down to weep  
And a lonely vigil keep.  
To my heart a longing came  
Fierce and burning as a flame :  
"O, Thou mighty Soul of All  
Hear my weeping spirit call !  
Whisper to my waiting soul  
Where Thy peaceful waters roll—  
Whisper to my waiting heart  
Where to find Thee—where Thou art !"  
And a whispered answer rose  
Where the cooling zephyr blows  
Through the reeds and rushes sear—  
Whispered to my spirit ear.*

“Child of matter—child of spirit  
Weeping in the mellow moonlight,  
You who weep and long to know Me,—  
Go and seek Me, go and seek Me  
Where My holy laws are written.  
O you know not how I love you—  
How I love you, how I love you!  
Come and seek Me, come and seek Me  
Where My voice is heard forever.  
Lo, I never yet have spoken  
With a voice and tongue and language  
As men speak among each other,—  
For I have no tongue nor language  
And I speak not, never—never  
But in acts and laws and silence!  
Should you ask if I have spoken  
In the ages that are ended,  
I would answer, I would answer:  
Yea, My silent voice has sounded  
And My sacred volume open  
Ever was and ever will be!  
Should you ask Me who can hear Me,  
I should answer, I should answer:  
He who thinks and cares to reason  
Of the holy things around him—  
He shall hear the Voice of Silence  
And be guided upward, upward  
By the tongueless Voice of Nature!  
Would you ask Me, would you ask Me  
Who may read the open volume  
Wherein all My laws are written,  
I should answer, I should answer:  
He may read who cares to read it—  
All is free to him who seeks it!  
Let Me tell you, let Me tell you—  
For I love you—O, I love you!—

On the starry sky is written  
Countless pages of My volume ;  
In the desert—in the ocean ;  
In the forest, on the prairie ;  
In the bowels of the mountains—  
Everywhere spread out before you  
Lies My truth unlocked for all !  
There is nought but has upon it  
Prints from My creative fingers—  
There is nought but has within it  
Truth to lead you upward to Me !

*So the Holy Heart of All  
Answered to my spirit call ;  
But as yet unsatisfied  
Then my soul looked up and cried :  
"Thou that loveth me so well  
Tell me where Thy Soul doth dwell—  
For I would that I could be  
Ever in commune with Thee !"   
And the Spirit answer gave  
In the glimmer of the wave ;  
And the twinkle of a star  
Sang the echo from afar :*

"Mighty space is endless, endless—  
If not so, what lies beyond it?  
Can the eye of man e'er measure  
That which has no bound nor limit—  
That which ends not never, never,  
Stretching off in all directions  
Boundless—boundless, never ending?  
Ah, no eye can ever pierce it  
And no mind conceive its limit.  
Here Ahmiina,—son Ahmiina,  
Here dwell I, the Silent Spirit,

From whom all things have proceeded.  
 Ask Me not where ye shall find Me—  
 Rather ask Me where I am not!  
 Then Ahmiina, I should answer:  
 There is not that where I am not—  
 For I dwell in All forever—  
 Yea, I fill the All forever!"

*When the Spirit hushed its whisper  
 In the silent night,  
 And I only heard the murmur  
 Of the zephyrs light,  
 Then my soul arose and cried:  
 "O Thou All Entwapping Essence  
 From which all things came,  
 Tell—O tell me, I beseech Thee,  
 What may be Thy name?"*

*And I heard the sound of laughter  
 Mingled with a sigh,  
 Like the rustle of dead grasses  
 When the winds rush by.  
 O, my spirit shook and trembled  
 And I shrank within a shadow  
 Being sore afraid,  
 But the Spirit gave me answer—  
 This is what He said :*

"You who ask Me what My name is—  
 Ask Me what My proper name is,  
 I will answer with a question:  
 What are names for, O Ahmiina,  
 That you think perhaps I bear one?  
 Are not names but to distinguish  
 And know one thing from another?—  
 Since the earth has one moon only

Then no proper name is needed;  
 Since one sky and one sky only  
 Wraps the world in tints of azure,  
 It no proper name is given,  
 Now, you know the heathen people  
 Worship Me as many beings—  
 Hence they must have names to call them  
 To distinguish one from others.  
 But I tell you—son Ahmiina,  
 That no name have I or will have!  
 I am All—the One—the Real,  
 Pure Perfection, in whom dwelleth  
 All that was or is or will be!  
 By My works shall all things know Me—  
 But My name no being knoweth!  
 Lo, I only am the Ruler  
 And the Source of All forever!"

*So the All Containing Soul—  
 In whose Being all things roll,—  
 So His silent Spirit spake  
 Where the withered rushes shake.  
 And I wondering, turned away  
 As the coming king of day  
 Bade the gleaming queen of night  
 Hide behind the mountain hight.*

*And I sat in the glooms of my cave—  
 All alone in the glooms of my cave  
 When a tempest rushed down the ravine  
 And awoke the mad demons of night.  
 I was sad and I said to my soul:  
 "O my soul, I am lonely and sad  
 And the tempest destroyeth my thoughts!  
 O my soul, seek communion with Soul  
 And interpret His whispers to me!"  
 So my soul turned away with a smile*

*And she whispered soft into the gloom :  
"O Thou holy One dwelling in All,  
We would seek sweet communion with Thee !"  
And a sound like the sigh of the wind  
Then arose in the glooms of my cave,  
And the tones of a musical Voice  
Speaking unto my soul and to me :*

"O My children, darling children  
Come and hold communion with Me ;  
Open now your eyes and see Me ;  
Open now your ears and hear Me ;  
Open now your minds and know Me  
For My Soul dwells ever with you—  
Ever in and all around you !  
He that truly dwelleth in Me  
And in whom I find a dwelling,—  
He shall never know an ending  
But may wander, but may wander  
Through My wide domain forever ;  
And My Spirit shall be with him  
Even where so e'er he goeth !  
Come My children, come and seek Me  
That you grow like unto Me—  
He that loves Me—he that loves Me—  
He that likes to hold communion  
With My Soul and with My nature,—  
He shall grow like unto Me !  
He that loves Me shall be like Me  
For association changeth  
Much your minds and thoughts and feelings !  
O the man whose friends are evil—  
How can he be pure and holy ?  
Think not you can hide your evil  
From the Awful Eye which seeth  
All that is and was and will be—

For that Sleepless Soul is in you.  
 Know you not your thoughts and actions  
 And your words and inmost feelings,  
 As the waves upon the ocean  
 Travel from you toward the shore?  
 But this ocean knows no ending—  
 Knows no surface, bed nor beach;  
 And the waves upon this ocean—  
 Ah, they travel ever more!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Let Me tell you, let Me tell you—  
 Give, and unto you is given.  
 He that loves is paid in loving  
 Kindness and affection truly;  
 He that hates is paid in stony  
 Coins of hatefulness and sorrow!  
 Give, and unto you is given;  
 Take, and from you shall be taken;  
 Lend, and to you shall be lended—  
 Kindness give to every creature  
 And all things are kind to you.  
 Smile, and all the world is smiling;  
 Weep, and all the world is weeping.  
 Give and take rings through all nature—  
 'Tis a mighty, mighty law—  
 Lo, the law of COMPENSATION!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Should you ask Me whence I started,  
 I, the Holy Soul and Essence,  
 Of all things that were or will be,  
 I would answer, I would answer:  
 Never have I had beginning,  
 Never will I have an ending—

I am alway and eternal!  
Lo, I came not, neither go I,  
But I was, I am; I will be!  
I am alway the Perfection,  
The Unchangeable Almighty!  
And My Selfhood—and My Selfhood  
Is the Mystery of Mysteries—  
Is forever and forever  
Inconceivable and silent!—  
Ye may know Me from My actions—  
But My Being, but My Selfhood  
Is inscrutable forever  
And immutable forever!  
Should you ask whence started matter  
And whence cometh all creation—  
All the suns and twinkling planets;  
All the nebulae and comets;  
All the changing constellations  
And the mighty maze of bodies  
Moving through the endless ethers;  
I would answer, I would answer:  
All this emanated from Me—  
Is a manifestation of Me—  
Is a part and portion of Me—  
Was and is and ever will be!  
I am All, containing all things  
Through the everlasting cycles!  
I am Soul enwrapping all things—  
Permeating cosmos ever;  
And I tell you, and I tell you—  
When your spirit eyes are opened  
You shall see that matter is not:  
All is Soul—for All is of Me—  
Real, holy and eternal!

\* \* \* \*

“When you look upon the moonbeams



Dancing in the verdant valleys;  
 Dancing o'er the rolling prairies;  
 Raining o'er the mighty mountains;  
 Playing o'er the lakes and rivers;  
 There you see Me—there you see Me—  
 Yet you see Me not nor can you!  
 Look upon the falling waters  
 Wrapt in veils of swaying vapor;  
 Hear them falling down the mountain—  
 Falling, calling—calling, laughing;  
 There you hear Me—there you hear Me—  
 Yet you hear Me not nor can you!  
 You may find Me—you may find Me  
 In the bud and bloom of flowers;  
 In the running of cool waters;  
 In the nodding of the grasses;  
 In the perfume of the lilies;  
 In the songs of bird and insect;  
 In the roll of hill and mountain;  
 In the movements of the planets;  
 In the twinkle of the star spheres;  
 In the silent sweep of comets—  
 O, in all things you may find Me:  
 I am Soul, enwrapping all things—  
 Permeating cosmos ever!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Le Me tell you—let Me tell you:  
 There be none who sin against Me—  
 I it is who am unchanging,—  
 I it is who am almighty;  
 I it is who planned creation—  
 I it is who doth control it!  
 And I tell you, and I tell you  
 There be none who sin against Me!  
 All the works of sin and evil  
 Harm Me not nor ever can they!

But the workers of the evil  
They—ah, they alone will suffer—  
For they sink their spirits deeper  
And yet deeper, and yet deeper,  
Till at last they lose their selfhood  
And their individual beings.  
Good acts serve to strengthen selfhood:  
Holiness and purity, these  
Are the showers, dew and sunshine  
To the germs of soul within you;  
But the soul that doeth evil  
Taketh from its life and being.  
And that soul shall sink forever  
In unconsciousness of selfhood  
To the Holy Heart that gave it!  
'Tis addition and subtraction—  
Though you add or take away  
Still the Sum is never altered!

\* \* \* \*

“Would you truly be acquainted  
With the character of any,  
You should take them as a study—  
Notice all their works and actions.  
Would you wish to know them truly  
Learn the working of their minds!  
From the works they leave around them  
You can judge and know them truly—  
If their minds are full of evil  
Then their works are evil also;  
If their minds are pure and holy  
Then their works are holy also!  
Thought must always precede action  
And the thought is as the mind is,—  
Hence, ill comes not from a pure man  
Nor from evil comes a pure thing!

Would you truly be acquainted  
With My mind and with it truly,—  
Look about you—look and reason:  
All that is I have created  
Of My Substance, of My Being;  
And if these My works are evil  
Then must I their Source be evil!  
For I tell you, for I tell you—  
As the work is, so the mind is—  
Thought must always precede action  
And the thought is as the mind is!  
But remember—but remember—  
If you judge Me by creation  
Many things will rise before you  
That may seem like sin and evil;  
But, if you will well examine—  
All things fill a perfect plan!  
O believe Me, darling children,  
For I love you, yes, I love you!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Should you ask Me if I punish  
Those who break My laws,—My children  
I should answer, I should answer:  
There is nothing in all nature  
That is punishment intended.  
Pain and trouble comes upon you  
Not to punish, but remind you  
That My laws are being broken;  
And the greater be the trespass  
On these holy laws of nature,  
In proportion then the pain is.  
Let Me tell you, let Me tell you—  
For a wilful act of evil  
Pain or trouble comes upon you  
As a recompense or payment;

But, if you unwilful trespass  
 On these holy laws of nature,  
 Pain or trouble comes upon you  
 Not to punish but remind you  
 That My laws are being broken.

Too much pain destroys the feeling—  
 Watch them lest you suffer often  
 And your nerves forget to tell you,  
 And you lose the good reminder,  
 And you keep on breaking—breaking  
 Laws that were to help you higher ;  
 And at last your soul goes sinking  
 Downward and you lose your being.  
 But, My little children, listen—  
 Though I punish not nor will I,  
 Yet you make My kind reminder  
 Be so stern it seems to punish ;  
 For, the greater be the trespass  
 So the sterner the reminder.

\* \* \* \*

*So the tones of that musical voice  
 Spake unto my soul and to me ;  
 And I know now that musical voice  
 Was the voice of the Ruler of All !*

---

*So has our lord Almiina wrote the songs  
 Or sacred hymns he heard the Spirit sing  
 Through all His mighty works ; and then he sank  
 Upon his pillow and his spirit fled  
 Away in glad delight, to dwell in that  
 Unknown abode where is the Holy Heart.  
 His ashes now are in a golden box  
 Adorned with priceless jewels, in a court*

*Of Kwatzuico the holy temple, in  
The city of Oahlii in the vale  
Of Tchintupec,—according to his wish.*

*I, O reader—Tchina Kiida,—  
I, Ahmiina's loved disciple,  
I will here append some details  
That his teaching may be plainer.*

## I

From the mystic sea of Spirit  
Is all else an emanation—  
You and I, the earth and planets,  
Moon and sun, and all creation—  
These were all evolved from Spirit  
And are ever more a portion  
Of that all enwrapping Real.

Let me tell you, let me tell you :  
There is truly evolution,  
Likewise there is devolution.  
Evolution groweth selfhood :  
From the One and Single Selfhood  
Is evolved the myriad beings.  
There are laws that tend to raise you  
From unconsciousness of being  
Into true and real selfhood ;  
These are what we call the good things.  
But again are other forces,  
Acts and passions, base desires,  
Which are ever tending downward  
From the consciousness of being  
Into final loss of selfhood,  
And absorption by the Spirit  
From which all at first had started ;

These are what we term as evil—  
Not to God, but to His creatures!

He whose soul is climbing higher  
In the stage of conscious being,  
He has longings to be better;  
And to him 'tis far more easy  
To do good things than do evil.  
But to him whose soul is sinking  
Backward to the dark oblivion  
Evil is the stronger power—  
He is mastered by his passions  
And his selfish wants and feelings.

O my brothers, O my brothers,—  
Look now in your hearts and feelings  
And there learn if you are rising  
To the consciousness of selfhood;  
Or if you are slowly sinking  
To the loss of soul and selfhood.  
O, return my brother, turn you—  
Once you lose your soul and being  
It is lost forever,—ever!

## II

He whose heart is full of sin,  
Sorrow, trouble, evil, woe,—  
How may he be brought to buy  
Purity and peace and joy?  
Only he can purchase these  
Who desires them in his heart.  
You and I can never raise  
Any from the lower plane—  
They must raise themselves above

Sorrow, trouble, evil, woe !  
We may show them where they stand  
And explain a higher plane,  
But each one must for himself  
Overcome his enemies!

. III

Hold a harp within your hand  
Tuned in harmony with mine;  
Strike a cord upon your harp—  
Mine will answer to that chord !  
He whose soul is tuned to sin  
Lieth in an awful thrall,  
For his soul vibrates to all  
Other souls that are in sin.  
Would you ask me how they may  
Rise above the power of sin?  
Only he can purchase peace  
Who desires it in his heart!  
We may show them where they stand  
And explain a higher plane,  
But each one must for himself  
Tune his heart to love, and so  
Overcome his enemies!  
He whose heart is tuned to love,  
Purity and holiness,  
He will vibrate with those hearts  
In the states of radiance!  
He will sound in unison  
With the Holy Heart of All !  
So, O soul, it is with us—  
Are we tuned to truth or sin?  
O remember loving friend  
When you read these truths divine,  
We help exercise a power  
Over all the hearts of men—  
Do we vibrate good or ill?

## IV

We have reason to believe  
There are sounds to loud and deep  
For the human ear to hear:  
Think of all the countless worlds—  
Planets, suns and nebulae,  
Moving with tremendous speed  
Through the endless sea of space!  
Do the ethers not vibrate  
From the motions of the spheres?  
Ah, what music! Ah, what songs  
Ever sing the starry host!  
Earth joins in the harmony,  
With her voice of praise and peace,  
To the Universal Heart  
From which all things emanate!

We have reason to believe  
There are sounds too low and soft  
For the human ear to hear:  
Spirit voices from the realm  
Where sweet music ever floats;  
Where a symphony of bliss  
Through the ether pulses soft—  
Praise and glory—chants of peace  
To the Holy Heart of All  
Whence all things do emanate!  
Think of how the atoms small  
In their minute orbits sweep;  
And the wave that bears the light  
From the golden King of Day—  
Do the ethers not vibrate?  
Who can say but spirit ears  
Are sufficiently acute  
They may hear the atoms small  
In their minute orbits sweep?



Who can say but spirit ears  
Are sufficiently acute  
They may hear the waves of light  
Falling from the golden sun?

## V

O my brother!—have you thought  
Every motion, thought or word,—  
Good or bad, and great or small  
Makes an impulse which is felt  
Through the endless Universe?  
O my brother!—have you thought  
These impulses have effect  
Good or bad forever more?  
Is an impulse which is felt  
Through the endless universe?

## VI

As the sensitive can tell  
What is passing silently  
In some other person's mind—  
As our thought impressions flow  
From us to the sensitive,  
Then may not impressions flow  
From the All Enwrapping Mind  
To the minds of us below?  
Ah, my brother! here is that  
I would have you dwell upon.

## VII

He who holds the will is free—  
He within his heart rebels!  
There is One Will only free—  
'Tis the Mighty Will of All!  
All the other wills are bound  
By the chains of circumstance.  
It is not for me to say

I am free to do my will!  
He who places all his trust  
In the Holy Will of All—  
He whose heart and mind is pure  
He indeed is free to do  
What so e'er he wills to do!  
For the tide of circumstance  
In the end works for the best.

### VIII

He who prays indeed rebels  
For he knoweth not the best.  
Not for me to bend the knee  
And implore the Holy Heart!  
Better far to put your trust—  
An implicit love and trust  
In the Holy Heart of All:  
Knowing all must needs to be  
Working to His holy plan!  
Not for me to bend the knee  
And implore the Holy Heart—  
Let me trust undoubtingly  
That great alcontaining Soul  
Of which I am but a part—  
But a minute practice!  
We were never given tongues  
With which to explain to Him  
How His plan must be fulfilled;  
For, you honor Him the more  
If you have in Him—the Soul,  
An implicit confidence  
And undoubting love and trust!  
Should the vapors rise and say  
Where the wind should carry it?  
Then I fear some parts of earth  
Oft would thirst for dew and rain,

Let me only bend the knee—  
Not to suplicate nor pray—  
But to pour my hearty thanks  
Unto Him who is the All  
And the Soul and Heart of All !

## IX

He who thinks forgiveness  
Takes away all pain,  
Let him watch and ponder  
When he errs again.

O, Thou Ever Present,  
Will men never learn  
That Thy perfect justice  
Gives men all they earn?

If men plow and scatter  
Seeds of evil, lust,—  
Sorrow, pain and trouble  
Springeth from the dust.

O, my erring brothers,  
Life is like a field:  
What you plant within it—  
That the earth will yield.

Sow the seeds of kindness,  
Love and holiness,  
And the crop shall ripen  
Richer than you guess!

But, O dearest brother,  
If the seeds you sow  
Be selfishness and evil,  
You shall reap of woe.

Justice, holy justice,  
Ever must be stern,—  
Changes not for any,  
Gives men what they earn.

Put your hand in fire  
Then kneel down and pray—  
Will repentance save you,—  
Take the pain away?

In the field of being  
Sow contention, tears;  
You shall reap contention  
Through the coming years!

O, remember brother,  
Repentance changeth not  
That the earth produces  
For the sowers lot.

Though repentance changeth  
Not the ills of life,  
Yet it helps you bear them  
Through the after strife.

Yes, it makes you stronger,  
Gives a better will;  
And if used correctly  
Helps you bear your ill.

Hear the Spirit whisper :  
"If you wrong another,  
Go and ask his pardon—  
Be indeed his brother.

"Nature too forgives you  
When you make amends  
By taking better care of  
The good gifts she sends."

## X.

Memory is that that keeps  
Silent record of all things  
In the mystic halls of brain.  
All you see or hear or think,  
All you do or say or wish  
On your memory is wrote;—  
In proportion to their strength  
In your character they act.  
Recollection is the act  
Of the consciousness to read  
From the page of memory.  
Some declare that memory  
Keepeth record of all things,—  
What if you could recollect  
All that you had seen or heard,  
Done or wished or thought or said?  
What if all this could arise,  
Would the good predominate  
Or the evil things be more?  
Ah, remember everything  
In proportion to its strength  
On your character will act.  
Soft the zephyr passes o'er  
Walls of marble, granite, brick;  
Soft the particles of mist  
Beat upon a palace wall.  
O my my brother, soft they beat  
But they slowly wear away  
Proudest monuments of man!  
In your memory there are  
Many prints so delicate  
Recollection tries in vain  
That your consciousness should read;  
But,—O brother, they have past—  
Though unconsciously to you—

In the growth or death of soul.  
And, remember—do not think  
That because you cannot read  
What is graved on memory  
It is safe from every eye—  
There is One—the Mighty Mind,  
He beholds and knows it all.  
Does He judge you?—no indeed!  
Though that Silent Soul may know  
All within that judgment book,  
Yet He judges not nor will  
For He knows you judge yourself  
In each word and thought and act!

## XI

O the beauty of the earth  
Robed in colors rich and fair,—  
Waving greens, a thousand shades  
'Neath the changing blue above.  
See the dew drop like a gem  
Glitters in the morning sun,  
Mocks the star that fades away  
In the crown of dying night.  
But the blind man cannot see  
Nor can understand the talk  
Of his comrade, who enjoys  
Visions of green fields and woods;  
Beds of flowers; graceful forms;  
Skies where glitter in the night  
Endless sweeps of silent stars—  
Stars a million times as great  
As this little world of ours.  
Though the blind man cannot see,  
They exist and are indeed.

O the man who never heard

Music, music soft and sweet!  
He whose ears are dead to sound  
Knoweth not the mystic touch  
Of sweet music's harmony.  
Though the deaf man cannot hear,—  
Though he cannot understand,—  
Sounds exist and are indeed.

O my brother, there are those  
Who can see and hear and feel  
Things 'twere vain for you and I  
In our present state to wish  
We may ever know or feel.  
Yet I ask you is it well  
We should doubt and laugh at him  
Who declares that he can see  
Things we cannot hope to see?—  
Who declares that he can hear  
Things we cannot hope to hear?

## XII

Yesterday I heard a voice  
Saying sadly, saying soft:  
"Is there an eternity?—  
Was there never once a time  
When there was not anything—  
Will there never come a time  
When the nothing swallows all?"  
O, that poor deluded soul  
Building fear on nothingness!  
*Now* is the eternity—  
Ever was it, e'er will be.  
Ah, my brother, if you build  
On the now that never is—  
On the present which is not,  
Then your dreams are all in vain.

Present is not, never was—  
All is future or is past. .  
Now, is but the line where meets  
An eternal future, past;  
There is not a mind so great  
Truly can conceive of *Now*.—  
Ah, my brother, time is not  
But the roll of earth in space;  
Past and future always are  
But the present never is.  
Build not on the flying line  
Where the future meets the past,—  
'Tis delusion, all a dream,  
Only *is* eternity—  
Everlasting evermore.

## XIII

O my Father, I would join  
In the chorus of the spheres—  
I would add my feeble voice  
In a chant of praise to Thee!  
Not that I suppose Thou need'st  
Praise or glory, songs or thanks;  
Not that I suppose it right  
As may duty so to sing—  
For no duty do I owe  
Him who made me that I might  
Fill a place among His plans.  
But I feel that I *must* sing  
Being full of love and Thee;  
And my happy heart looks up  
In an ecstasy of joy!



## HYMN TO SOUL.

Soul!—O Thou sublime Eternal!—  
Thou who knoweth not of ending  
Nor beginning nor of limits  
Nor of times nor measured cycles!  
Thou!—the Perfect in Perfection—  
Mystic, holy, all enwrapping.  
O we praise Thee!—O we praise Thee!  
Sing, O sons of men and praise Him!  
Sing, O green things, sing and praise Him!  
Sing, O waters, sing and praise Him!  
Sing, O world,—O sing and praise Him  
In whose Soul thou art revolving—  
In whose Being is thy being—  
Of whose very Soul and Essence  
Art thou—art thou everlasting!  
Thou alone, O Soul hast Being!  
Thou alone indeed art Real!—  
O, unsearchable Almighty  
Let us praise Thee—let us praise Thee!

## THOU ALL!

---

Endless praises—endless praises  
Sing the spheres that sweep the skies—  
Endless praises—endless praises  
Must forever more arise!  
Suns and planets, moons and comets  
In their awful orbits move—  
Singing, singing, ever singing:  
“We obey the law of Love!”  
Bend your ear O yearning brother—  
Listen to the singing grass;  
'Tis the song all men are seeking  
But they do not hear—alas!

“We obey the One Perfection—  
Know no life but One forever!  
Changing, changing, still advancing  
Yet we reach the Perfect—never!  
Laugh!—O sunbeam, glorious, golden,  
Dancing where you flit and fall!—  
Laugh! ye rocks among the mountains  
For you are a part of All!  
Lichens, mosses, grasses, insects,  
Animals and men aspire  
For the stages yet beyond them—  
For a being that is higher.  
Upward, upward, never ending,

Working out the Plan of life—  
To the eye that understands not  
Seeming like an endless strife!  
All is unison and patience—  
'Tis the working of the God!  
All enwrapping Soul of wonder  
We adore Thee from the sod!"

Would you ask for joy and pleasure  
You must learn to sacrifice—  
There is nothing in creation  
You may scorn or dare dispise!  
All is love—one love and family  
And Soul the Parent true—  
What He bids, O listning brother—  
What He asks of you—do!  
Holy Soul in silence dwelling,  
Thou whom we adore—  
Endless praises ever to Thee  
Sound forever more!  
Solids, liquids, gasses, spirits,  
Sacrifice themselves to Thee!  
O, Thou mighty Allcontaining  
Endless may Thy praises be!

Where the lonely forest stretches  
In the wild, primeval manner—  
Over mountains rough and rocky,  
Over notches and deep valleys,  
There I love to seek and know Thee  
O Thou mystic, holy Real!  
Where the fern frond waving, waving  
Catches at its laughing shadow,  
There I meet Thy brooding Spirit  
O Thou Source and Soul of All!

O glory, glory, glory be  
To Thee, Thou Holy Heart of All!  
And let creation worship Thee—  
For Thou art holiest of all!





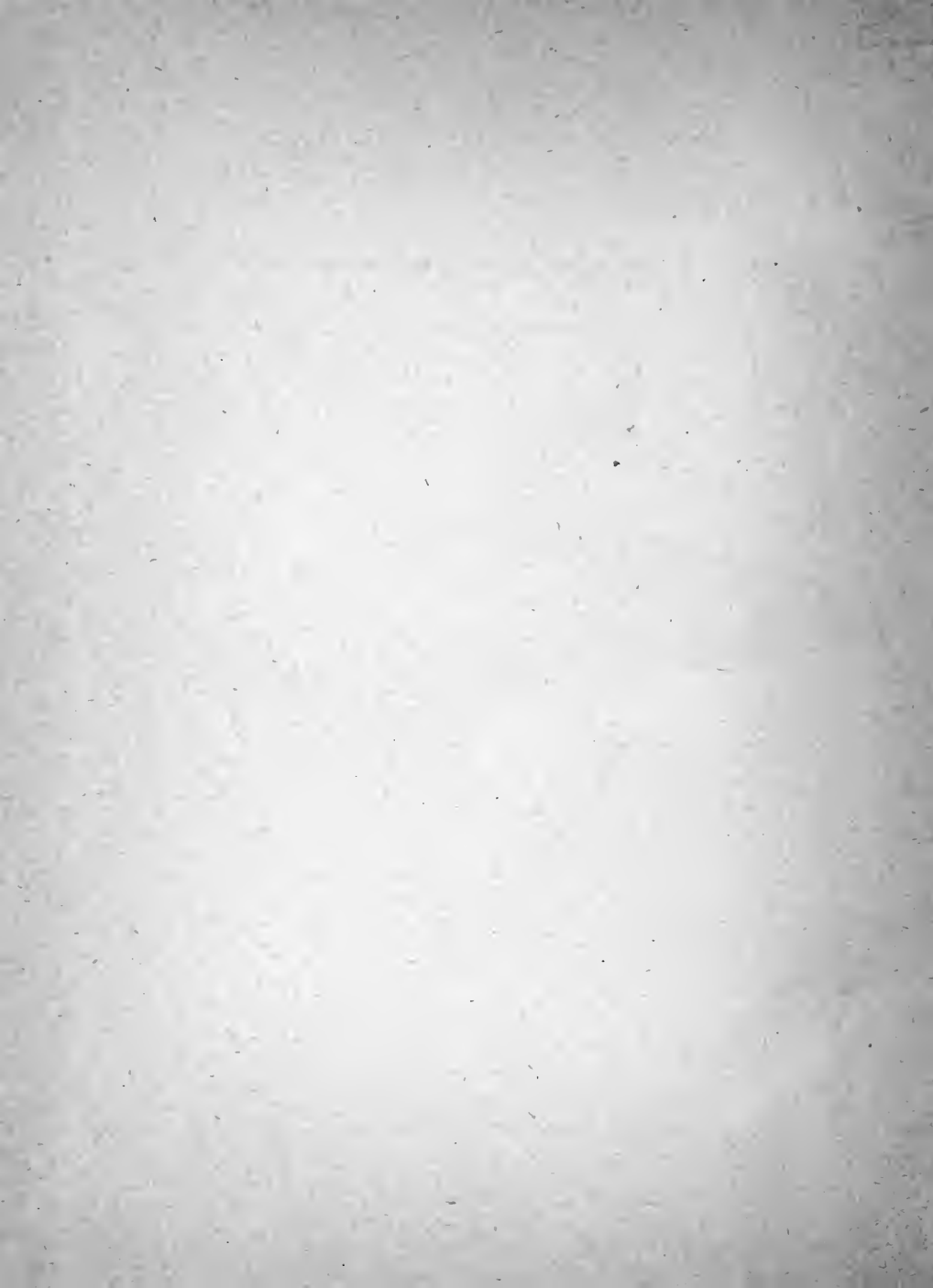


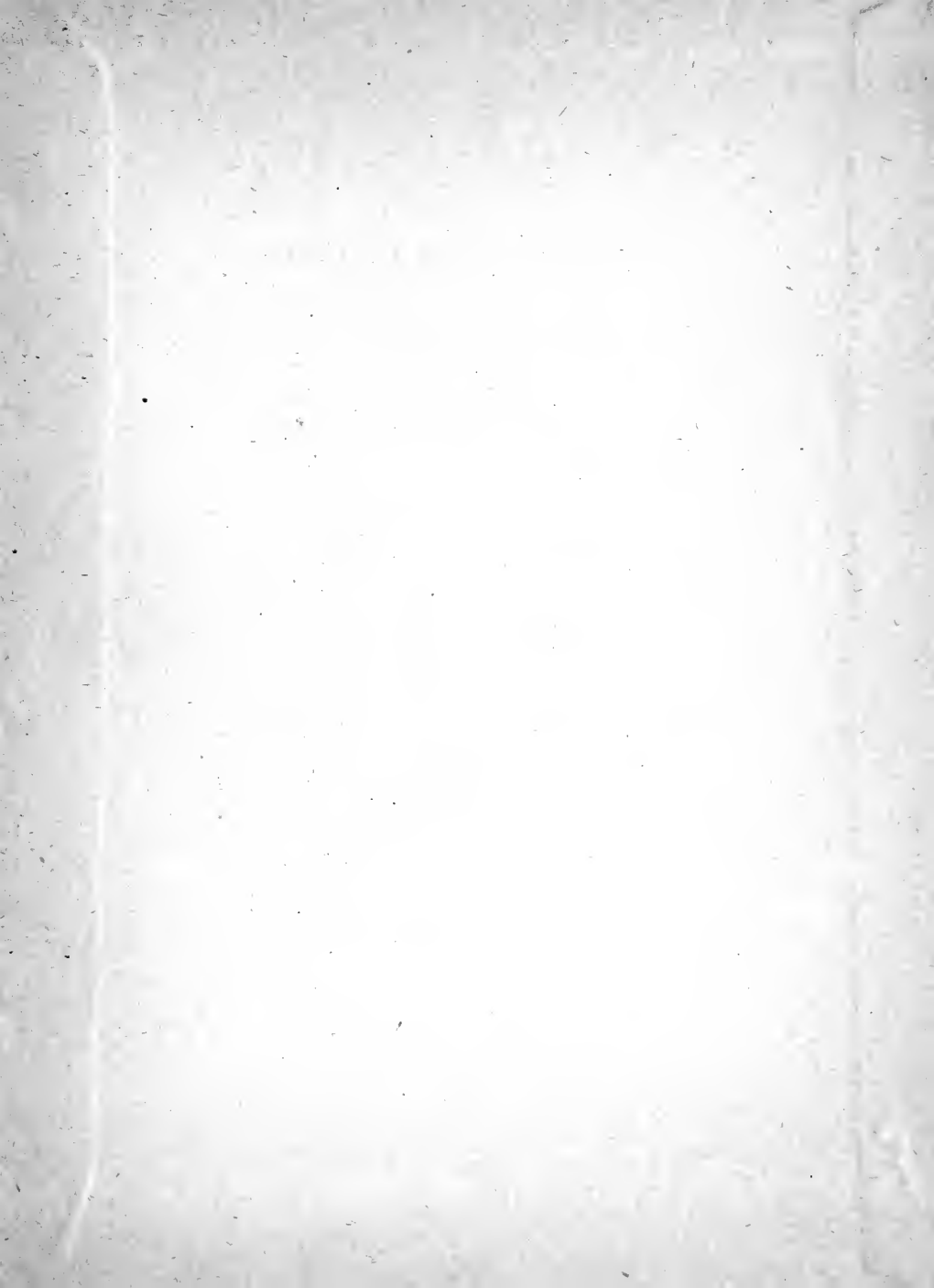












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